

*Ref.* I haue promis'd to make all this matter euen: Keepe you your word, O Duke, to giue your daughter, You yours *Orlando*, to receiue his daughter: Keepe you your word *Phebe*, that you'll marrie me, Or else refusing me to wed this sheheard: Keepe your word *Silvius*, that you'll marrie her If she refuse me, and from hence I go To make these doubts all euen. *Exit Ref. and Celia.*

*Du. Sen.* I do remember in this sheheard boy, Some liuely touches of my daughters fauour.

*Orl.* My Lord, the first time that I euer saw him, Me thought he was a brother to your daughter: But my good Lord, this Boy is Forrest borne, And hath bin tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies, by his vncle, Whom he reports to be a great Magitian.

*Enter Clowne and Audrey.*

Obscured in the circle of this Forrest.

*Iaq.* There is sure another flood toward, and these couples are comming to the Arke. Here comes a payre of verie strange beasts, which in all tongues, are call'd Fooles.

*Clo.* Salutation and greeting to you all.

*Iaq.* Good my Lord, bid him welcome: This is the Morley-minded Gentleman, that I haue so often met in the Forrest: he hath bin a Courtier he sweares.

*Clo.* If any man doubt that, let him put mee to my purgation, I haue trod a measure, I haue flattered a Lady, I haue bin politicke with my friend, smooth with mine enemie, I haue yndone three Tailors, I haue had foure quarrels, and like to haue fought one.

*Iaq.* And how was that tane vp?

*Clo.* Faith we met, and found the quarrel was vpon the seuenth cause.

*Iaq.* How seuenth cause? Good my Lord, like this fellow.

*Du. Se.* I like him very well.

*Clo.* God'ild you sir, I desire you of the like: I presse in heere sir, amongst the rest of the Country copulatiues to sweare, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breakes: a poore virgin sir, an il-fauor'd thing sir, but mine owne, a poore humour of mine sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honestie dwels like a miser sir, in a poore house, as your Pearle in your foule oyster.

*Du. Se.* By my faith, he is very swift, and sententious *Clo.* According to the fooles bolt sir, and such dulcet diseases.

*Iaq.* But for the seuenth cause. How did you finde the quarrell on the seuenth cause?

*Clo.* Vpon a lye, seuen times remoued: (beare your bodie more seeming *Audrey*) as thus sir: I did dislike the cut of a certaine Courtiers beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, hee was in the minde it was: this is call'd the retort courteous. If I sent him word againe, it was not well cut, he wold send me word he cut it to please himselfe: this is call'd the quip modest. If againe, it was not well cut, he disabled my iudgment: this is called, the reply churlish. If againe it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is call'd the reproofe valiant. If againe, it was not well cut, he wold say, I lie: this is call'd the counter-checke quarrellsome: and so ro lye circumstantiall, and the lye direct.

*Iaq.* And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

*Clo.* I durst go no further then the lye circumstantiall:

nor he durst not giue me the lye direct: and so wee measured fwords, and parted.

*Iaq.* Can you nominate in order now, the degrees of the lye.

*Clo.* O sir, we quarrel in print, by the booke: as you haue bookes for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort courteous: the second, the Quip-modest: the third, the reply Churlish: the fourth, the Reproofe valiant: the fift, the Counter-checke quarrellsome: the sixt, the Lye with circumstance: the seauenth, the Lye direct: all these you may auoyd, but the Lye direct: and you may auoide that too, with an If. I knew when seuen Iustices could not take vp a Quarrell, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If; as if you saide so, then I saide so: and they shooke hands, and swore brothers. Your If, is the onely peace-maker: much vertue in if.

*Iaq.* Is not this a rare fellow my Lord? He's as good at any thing, and yet a foole.

*Du. Se.* He vses his folly like a stalking-horse, and vnder the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

*Enter Hymen, Rosalind, and Celia.*

*Still Musicke.*

*Hymen.* Then is there mirth in heauen, When earthly things made euen attone together.

*Good Duke receiue thy daughter,*

*Hymen from Heauen brought her,*

*Hea brought her hether.*

*That thou mightst ioine his hand with his,*

*Whose heart within his bosome is.*

*Ros.* To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours,

*To you I giue my selfe, for I am yours.*

*Du. Se.* If there be truth in fight, you are my daughter,

*Orl.* If there be truth in fight, you are my *Rosalind.*

*Phe.* If fight & shape be true, why then my loue adieu

*Ros.* He haue no Father, if you be not he:

He haue no Husband, if you be not he:

Nor ne're wed woman, if you be not shee.

*Hy.* Peace hoa: I barre confusion,

'Tis I must make conclusion

Of these most strange euents:

Here's eight that must take hands,

To ioine in *Hymens* bands,

If truth holds true contents,

You and you, no crosse shall part;

You and you, are hart in hart:

You, to his loue must accord,

Or haue a Woman to your Lord.

You and you, are sure together,

As the Winter to fowle Weather:

Whiles a Wedlocke Hymne we sing,

Feede your selues with questioning:

That reason, wonder may diminish

How thus we met, and these things finish.

*Song.*

*Wedding is great *Imos* crowne,*

*O blessed bond of boord and bed:*

*'Tis Hymen peoples churche towne,*

*High wedlocke then be honored:*

*Honor, high house and renowne*

*To Hymen, God of enerie Towne.*

*Du. Se.* O my deere Neece, welcome thou art to me, Euen daughter welcome, in no lesse degree. *Phi.*

*Phe.* I wil not eate my word, now thou art mine, Thy faith, my fancie to thee doth combine.

*Enter Second Brother.*

*2. Bro.* Let me haue audience for a word or two: I am the second sonne of old *Sir Rowland*, That bring these tidings to this faire assembly. *Duke Frederick* hearing how that euerie day, Men of great worth resorted to this Forrest, Addrest a mightie power, which were on foote In his owne conduct, purposely to take His brother heere, and put him to the sword: And to the skirts of this wilde Wood he came; Where, meeting with an old Religious man, After some question with him, was conuerted Both from his enterprize, and from the world: His crowne bequeathing to his banish'd Brother, And all their Lands restor'd to him againe That were with him exil'd. This to be true, I do engage my life.

*Du. Se.* Welcome yong man: Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers wedding: To one his lands with-held, and to the other A land it selfe at large, a potent Dukedom. First, in this Forrest, let vs do those ends That heere were well begun, and wel-begot: And after, euery of this happie number That haue endur'd shrew'd daies, and nights with vs, Shal share the good of our returned fortune, According to the measure of their states. Meane time, forget this new-falne dignitie, And fall into our Rusticke Reuelrie: Play Musicke, and you Brides and Bride-groomes all, With measure heap'd in ioy, to'th Measures fall.

*Iaq.* Sir, by your patience: if I heard you rightly, The Duke hath put on a Religious life, And throwne into neglect the pompous Court.

*2. Bro.* He hath.

*Iaq.* To him will I: out of these conuertites, There is much matter to be heard, and learn'd: you to your former Honor, I bequeath your patience, and your vertue, well deserues it: you to a loue, that your true faith doth merit: you to your land, and loue, and great allies: you to a long, and well-deserued bed: And you to wrangling, for thy louing voyage Is but for two moneths victuall'd: So to your pleasures, I am for other, then for dancing meazures.

*Du. Se.* Stay, *Iaq.* Stay.

*Iaq.* To see no pastime, I: what you would haue, He stay to know, at your abandon'd caue. *Exit.*

*Du. Se.* Proceed, proceed: wee'l begin these rights, As we do trust, they'l end in true delights. *Exit.*

*Ros.* It is not the fashion to see the Ladie the Epilogue: but it is no more vnhandsome, then to see the Lord the Prologue. If it be true, that good wine needs no bush, tis true, that a good play needs no Epilogue. Yet to good wine they do vse good bushes: and good playes proue the better by the helpe of good Epilogues: What a case am I in then, that am neither a good Epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalfe of a good play? I am not furnish'd like a Begger, therefore to begge will not become mee. My way is to coniure you, and he begin with the Women. I charge you (O women) for the loue you beare to men, to like as much of this Play, as please you: And I charge you (O men) for the loue you beare to women (as I perceiue by your simpring, none of you hates them) that betweene you, and the women, the play may please. If I were a Woman, I would kisse as many of you as had beards that pleas'd me, complexions that lik'd me, and breaths that I deside not: And I am sure, as many as haue good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths, will for my kind offer, when I make curtsie, bid me farewell. *Exit.*

FINIS.

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